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Executed with neatness and despatch.

FORBET.

From the Salem Democrat.

THIS MARRIAGE TIME.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE NEW MARRIED FOLK

BY A BACHELOR.

There's a time to dine, to play, to sing,
A time to laugh, to walk in;
Though some folks, glibbing overmuch,
Find hardly time to talk in.
But of all the times I ever knew,
Since in the world I've lived,
I never knew the like of this,
For people's getting married.

Why, every body's being tried,
The folks you never had thought on;
It operates like a disease
By some contagion brought on.

The bachelor of four score years,
Full four score times been slighted,
To one, his earliest love, perhaps,
Is easily united.

Town Clerks are harassed night to death,
Certificates a giving,
And persons say their marriage fees
Alone give them a living;
The church's walls are pined with
From floor to very ceiling,
The names of those whose turn comes next,
To every eye, revealing.

But ah! in all this marriage time,
Where are all my chances?
For me no out brown maiden sighs,
For me no bright eye glances;
For me no parlor fires are made
On Tuesday night and Sunday;
And hints that I might come again,
On Wednesday, Friday, Monday.

There's one thing though—to all these scrapes
I get an invitation,
And go, and always sure to have
A good job of cautions;
If I can find one willing lass,
Between this time and wedding,
I rather guess I'll have one grand,
Fine, fat, old-fashioned wedding.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SUB-MARINE ARMOR CO. OR, PUMP—PUMP—PUMP!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD CLOCK"—HERE
SHE GOES—THERE SHE GOES.

No one who passes through S— street
up town, goes by the residence of old Mr. G—
without looking up at the parlor windows, for at
one o'clock the old rich, gouty fellow usually sits
for hours, "the observed of all observers."
There are many, too, among the dashing young
men of the city who look up at those windows in
hope not to see him but to see another a charming
girl, named Charlotte—his ward!

Charlotte is a perfectly fascinating creature—
elegantly accomplished. Her money, in some
men's eyes, however, has glistened more than
her other charms. The old gentleman, however,
knows a thing or two, and though rather hard of
hearing and not very nimble, even when nimble-
ness would be a virtue, yet he has gined the
reputation of being as good a guardian as any
that ever figured in a novel or play. Rich as
Cæsar himself, he takes good care that his ward
shall be unshorn of her treasures so long as he has
an eye to watch, a tongue to caution, or a foot to
kick a fellow into the street. If there be any
thing that Mr. G—, however, particularly
prides himself upon where he should least do so,
it is upon his knowledge of stocks—and many a
call does he give from the getters up of "fancies,"
in the hope that he may become a purchaser.
We are afraid to say more, lest we should draw
a portrait, where an outline sketch is only intend-
ed—and so enough.

Thus much we might have said just one week
ago, as a few knowing ones about town can de-
clare; but exactly thus we ought not to say to-
day. The lady will not be seen in the sequel.

Betty is the duenna at Mr. G—'s, and fe-
male after the heart of the old man—a confident,
a housekeeper of the rarest qualities—in her
character precise and rigid. On Monday morn-
ing last, she opened the door to as nice a little
man as ever crossed its threshold—young, bloom-
ing and handsome—a very pattern of a lover.
His name—Charles Gerald. He had seen Char-
lotte from a window in a neighboring house—ho-

had talked with his fingers till they ached—he
had looked love with his eyes till they watered—
and so had Charlotte done the same, by which
communications the fond lover had discovered
that there was nothing to be gained except by a
desperate act, for on his proposing to write a
billet-doux, the reply was that he would have to
bring it himself, and that then all might be dis-
covered, Charles had anticipated as much. So
he had determined to push a plot forward on the
very morning already named.

He was shown into the parlor, where the old
man was seated, and, as he entered, the folds of
a petticoat floated through a closing door.

"Good morning, Mr. G—," I have the
honor to introduce myself to you as Mr. Gerald.
"Good morning," answered the old man drily;
"take a seat. Your business with me?"

"My business—yes sir; my business, yes sir,
is—"

"Is what?" piped the old man.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir."

"Well!"

"Well, I wish to introduce to your notice, Mr.

G—, an invention of immense commercial

importance, which is now under the control of a

company."

"What is it, sir?"

"It is, sir—"

"What—what is it?"

"It is the Sub-Marine Armor!"

"Sub-what? It sounds too much like Sub-

Treasury. What, is it an armor of defence a-

gainst the monster?"

"No, sir. It is more like a monster itself!"

"Well, well," said the old man, "there are so

many monsters now-a-days, that mere trifles, by

and by, will be the greatest monsters."

"The purpose of this invention," said Edward,

"is to go down to the bottom of the sea, and re-

cover lost property—to visit sunken vessels, &c."

"Ah—ah—I remember—it was puffed in

the newspapers, long ago," said the old man.

"Yes, sir, it was noticed," said Edward. I

wish you would look at it, sir, and give your

opinion upon it, and, perhaps, you will—"

"Well, young man, I have no objection," said

Mr. G—, "but the weather is too cold for

me to go out now—I—"

"Oh, Mr. G—," interrupted Edward, "it

can be brought here, if you have no objection."

"Of course I have not," said Mr. G—.

"Curiosity alone, would prompt me to look at it.

When can I see it?"

Edward's eyes brightened. The consumma-

tion of his hopes seemed at hand. "I will bring

it up this afternoon," he replied; and thus hav-

ing settled the matter, with a few courteous re-

marks, he bade the old man good morning.

It was Monday afternoon. A carriage, with

the windows curtained, was watched by thou-

sands, as it rolled along from Wall street up to

S— street. When it arrived before the door

of Mr. G—'s house, the driver reined in his

ill matched horses, and Charles Gerald quickly

came forth from it, and ascending the steps of

Mr. G—'s house, pulled at the bell. Betty

opened the door. It was all right. Charles

rushed to the carriage.

"Come, get out Major!" said Charles, hastily.

"I can't breathe, Charles. Curse me if I can."

"Breathe, if you can, for heaven's sake," said

Charles.

"That's what I want to do," replied the Major,

"but I can't. Pump in some more air—pump—

pump—pump, or I shall die!"

Charles sprang to the air pump, and having

pumped in a fresh supply of the atmospheric, the

major breathed once more freely, and announced

himself ready to go-ahead.

The pair prepared to ascend the steps, and the

carriage driver bore in his arms the air pump

and large coils of the air and conversation pipes.

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed Betty, as she

stood in utter amazement at the scene. The

brass-bound, iron-bound, armor cramped major,

made the best of his way into the hall, while

Charles gave directions to the driver to wait their

return.

The two sparks were shown into the parlor.

"Pump, for heaven's sake!" cried the man in the

armor, and away went the air pump like a steam

engine.

Mr. G— entered. "There stood the man

in armor by the side of the centre table. Who

or what he was could not be discerned by his

appearance. He was, apparently, one mass of

"Ah—this is the—" said Mr. G—,

"Yes, sir; this is the—"

"Pump—pump!" cried the armor.

"What is that?" asked the old man.

"That—that," said Charles, "that is the—"

"Pump—pump!" screamed the major, at the

top of his voice.

Charles explained to the old man, while he

forced in the atmospheric again.

"Then there's a man in there, is there?" said

old G—.

"Oh, yes sir—a porter who is hired to show

the invention in a correct manner."

The old man put on his spectacles and came

nearer. "Well," said he, "I declare it seems to

me a very important invention. But can the man

move with ease in the water? Can he see plain-

ly?"

"O yes! Walk a little," said Charles, through

the conversation pipe.

The Major staggered across the room as well

as he could, but almost tumbled down.

"And you think the stock is inclined to—"

"Pump—pump!" interrupted the Major, with

a sepulchral voice.

"Pump," said the old man, "well, if it pumps as

badly as some stocks, it will pump some folks

dry. But, Mr. Gerald, you think it will—"

"Pump!" groaned the man in armor. Charles

forced in some more atmospheric.

"Well, my stars!" exclaimed the old man,

"this is a curious affair. I think Charlotte will

be pleased to see it." He rang the bell. Betty

appeared. "Betty," said he, "call Charlotte."

She looked with astonishment at the specimen le-

ver her, and vanished.

In a moment Charlotte entered. "Ah," said

Mr. G—, "here is a curiosity for you—"

Charlotte, Mr. Gerald. The introduction, at

the same time that it delighted, confused the lov-

ers. Charlotte, scarcely able to restrain herself

from laughter, inquired what the machines be-

fore her were.

"Pump!" ejaculated the Major.

"Pump, is it?" stammered Charlotte.

"Oh no!" said Charles, "this is the pump—"

the air pump, and he supplied the armor with

breath again, "this is the—"

"Pump!"

"Hold your jaw!" bawled Charles through the

conversation pipe, while the old man took up the

thread of narration, and explained the invention,

after a fashion peculiarly his own.

"Now for the letter," whispered Charles,

through the conversation-pipe, and he carefully

deposited in the mailed hand of the Major a neat

billet-doux. As Charles went on to explain, call-

ing Charlotte's attention more particularly to

the armor, he neglected the air pump, and the

Major, thinking he might venture to be exhaust-

ed from his long confinement, began to express

himself as anything but at home. "Pump—pump—

or I shall die! Quick, pump—pump—pump—"

and "pump," he almost inaudibly exclaimed,

while he sank upon the carpet apparently unable

to bear his incarceration longer. Both the old

man and Charles flew to the air pump, while

Charlotte, in her attempt to support the sinking

man, received the letter, which she quickly con-

cealed in her bosom.

"That'll do. I'm better now!" cried the Ma-

major. "I'm glad of it," said the old man, "I thought

we should have to call the Coroner, and that

would be bad for the newspapers—"

"Pump!"

"Yes they do pump, with a vengeance! They

are always pumping and never dry. They—"

"Pump!"

Charles let fly the atmospheric yet again, and

Charlotte left the room in haste. Having read

the note, she stole slyly out of the front door,

having told Betty that she was going to her own

room, and then deposited herself in the carriage,

which was only observed by the lover at the win-

dow.

"It is all right," whispered Charles through the

pipe. "Prepare to depart."

The old man, having expressed a favorable im-

pression of the invention, requested Mr. Charles

to call upon him on the morrow for a decision

about the amount of shares that he would take,

and assisted the enterprising young men to de-

part. He saw them to the door; but, unluckily

chance! as the Major passed over the threshold,

his foot caught, and he was thrown headlong

down the steps! The armor protected him, how-

we know, to the chagrin of Mr. G—, and

the utter amazement of Betty. The whole aff-ir

has been amicably settled, but whether the old

man has bought any stock, will be found on ap-

plication at the office of the Sub-Marine Armor

Co.

N. B. The author requests brother-dramatists

to suspend any operations upon the incidents

above narrated, as a fire is already prepared,

which embraces all here told and somewhat

more.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes those things decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
If with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires,
Where those are not, I do spare
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

At the Tremont

Theatre, on Thursday evening, about nine o-

clock, while the last scene of Pizarro was per-

forming, one of the "counter weights," of the

drapery curtain fell, in consequence of the part-

ing of a rope which had been imperfectly spliced

and struck Mr. Joseph Simpson, the "Captain

of the Supernumeraries," upon the head, causing

his death almost instantly. The weight was about

80 lbs. and fell from a height of about forty feet

It did not fall directly upon his head, but grazed

his temple, and severed an artery, from which his

life blood gushed in great profusion. Mr. Kern

and several other performers were standing very

near him. The consternation which such an

awfully sudden death occasioned, rendered the

actors unfit to continue the performances; and

on Mr. Gilbert, the stage manager, announcing

the sad event to the audience, which was very

large, and inquiring if the performances should

be continued, they expressed themselves nega-

tively, and withdrew from the Theatre with the

utmost order and silence. Mr. Simpson has left a

wife and child.—Boston Advertiser.

Origin of Bread.

There are many articles

in common use, the origins of which are seldom

thought of. Who, for instance, would trouble

his head relative to the invention of that indis-

pensable article of food, bread. Bread, however,

was originally an invention of the Greeks, after-

wards adopted by the Romans. For a long time,

hand-mills were, in Europe, the only machines

used to grind corn. The art of constructing

windmills originated, together with other inven-

tions, with the Saracens. During several centu-

ries, they used, in France, instead of plates, cir-

cular slices of the crust of bread, which were,

after dinner, distributed among the poor. A-

early as the time of Pliny, the Gauls made use of

yeast to raise their bread.

Friendship.

The occupation of my life has

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

We copy the following detail from the doings of the St. Louis police office, as reported in the Bulletin of the 8th inst. We doubt not it is true.

GEORGE MONTIMER WARDWELL, a genteel and intelligent young man, of about thirty years of age, was brought up this morning on a charge of being drunk in the streets, and disturbing the peace. He pleaded guilty to the greatest emotion. When requested to give some account of himself, he replied:

"Sir—I have now arrived at that extremity of degradation which, long ago, I became satisfied would one day or other become my position. Sir, I do not believe I was born to this. In my youth when I first started in the world, my prospects and hopes were as bright as the sky which bent over me. I married a beautiful wife when I was twenty-eight years old, and had acquired a considerable competence. Sir, I need not tell you now I loved her! I see by your countenance that you know something of human nature, and are already satisfied that I am not a common loafer—that I have been driven to the present extremity by some extraordinary circumstances. But I will proceed with my story.

Two years after I was married to my wife—who was a young English lady of handsome expectations—and had a beautiful boy to bless me, with his innocent endearments, we received letters from England, announcing the death of my wife's father, and soliciting me to come to England immediately, for the purpose of settling up the affairs of the deceased, and receiving my portion of the estate. I immediately made preparations for my departure, and leaving my wife under the protection of an intimate friend, whose name was Henry Anson Willoughby (d—n him!) I set sail for England. My business detained me longer than I had anticipated, and I began to feel the most intense anxiety in regard to my family. The letters which I received from my wife grew brief and unfrequent, sometimes startling me with their abruptness. Just before the final steps in regard to my wife's portion were about to be completed, I received a letter from America, written by an old friend of my father's family, warning me to hasten home, if I would preserve my future happiness and the honor of my wife! Imagine my dismay! I hurried home, leaving my business still unsettled and arrived in time to find my hearth desolate, my wife eloped with my friend Willoughby, and my boy—my darling boy—in the Orphan Asylum an object of public charity!

"Willoughby had represented himself as a rich planter from Alabama, and that he was sojourning at the north for the purpose of regaining his health. Placing my boy under proper protection I flew in pursuit of the destroyer of my peace, with my heart bursting with revenge. At Montgomery (Ala.) I learned that Willoughby had been there, in company with a lady, whom he called his wife—that he had been for years a notorious black-leg and swindler, and had gone to Mobile, leaving his wife (my wife!) behind, in circumstances of destitution. After waiting for some time, and hearing nothing from her base paramour, she borrowed money of some of the citizens and followed him.

"Mad with rage and disappointment, I pursued. At Mobile I lost all traces of the villain and his wretched victim. I proceeded to New Orleans; and, on making inquiries of the different boats, I was told by the captain of one of them engaged in running to St. Louis, that a woman answering the description I gave had gone up the river on his boat some time since. I immediately embarked for this place, sir; and my money being nearly exhausted, I was compelled to take a passage on deck. I arrived here in a state of complete destitution; and being unable to learn any thing of my wife or the villain Willoughby, I became discouraged and disheartened. The bottle was my resort. I mingled with the vilest of the vile; and, last night was persuaded by several others, to visit a house of ill-fame. I entered—and the first object that met my gaze was my wife, sitting upon the lap of a disgusting ruffian, and resigning her tender cheek, which I had not suffered 'even the winds of Heaven to visit too roughly,' to his disgusting caresses. Sir, sir, I became mad! I can tell no more, but that I rushed from the house invoking the most impious maledictions upon him who had been the cause of such misery and anguish; and found myself this morning in the situation which you behold me. Sir, nothing which you can inflict will be a punishment to me; and you can bestow no greater favor than to take my life. I have lived too long—I am ready to die."

He was discharged.

Criminal not according to law.—All old bachelors, of a reasonable income, above forty; all young men who have married old women; all old men who have got young wives; all those who have helped to make the national debt what it is.

"Master ain't I smart?" said an urchin showing a great horse drawn on his slate. "Yes—but here's a smarter," said pedagogue with a whack.

"I look for a pressure," as the lady said to her lover, when he presumed to kiss her.

INDIAN LEGEND.

Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream, (a rivulet called Murderer's Creek,) was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct, or been incorporated with some other savage nation of the west. Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges into the Hudson, a white family of the name of Stacy, had established itself in a log house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacy had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of little arts highly esteemed by the savages. In particular, a friendship existed between him and an old Indian called Naoman, who often came to his house and partake of his hospitality.

The legend goes on to say, that Naoman in grateful friendship, gave the wife of Stacy a secret warning, that a massacre of the whites was resolved on, exacting from her a solemn pledge of secrecy and advising instant escape across the river.

The daily visits of old Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe, who had accordingly paid particular attention to the movements of Stacy. One of the young Indians, who had kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take their boat, ran to the little Indian village about a mile off, and gave the alarm. Five Indians collected, ran down to the river side, where their canoes were moored, jumped in and paddled after Stacy, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast, that twice he dropped his paddle, and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him that if he fired, and they were overtaken, they would have no mercy with the Indians. He accordingly refrained and plied his paddle till the sweat rolled in his drops down his forehead. All would not do—they were overtaken within a hundred yards of the shore, and carried back with yelling shouts of triumph.

When they got ashore the Indians set fire to Stacy's house, and dragged himself, his wife and children to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among the rest, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief among them stated, that some one of the tribe had undoubtedly been guilty of treason, in betraying Stacy, the white man, of the designs of the tribe, whereby he took alarm and had well nigh escaped. He proposed to examine the prisoner as to who gave the information. The old men assented to this, and Naoman among the rest. Stacy was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English and interpreted to the others. Stacy refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while at the same moment two Indians stood threatening the two children with tomahawks in case she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth by declaring she had a dream which had alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly.

"The Great Good Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to a pale-face," said the old Indian; "woman! thou hast two tongues and two faces; speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die." The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and two savages stood over them ready to execute their bloody orders.

"Wilt thou name," said the old Indian, "the red man who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times." The mother answered not. "Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time." The poor woman looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent. "Wilt thou name the traitor? 'Tis the third and last time." The agony of the mother waxed bitter; again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the next moment the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

"Stop!" cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. "Stop!" repeated he in a tone of authority. "White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last minute. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will. I am ready. A yell of indignation sounded from all sides. Naoman descended from the little bark where he sat, shrouded his face with his mantle or skin, and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk. —Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

A WEDDING IN HIGH LIFE.—It is reported in Washington city that the Russian Minister is about to lead to the altar, the daughter of one of the principal clerks of one of the departments of that city. The wedding is to be conducted on the most splendid scale. He has sent a pattern of his bride's shoe, hat and dress to Russia, in order to have articles of the kind made in the most costly manner, and after the style of that country. The wedding is to take place on the Russian Emperor's birth day. So says the Baltimore Sun.

REV. JOSEPH WOLF, THE MISSIONARY.—This eccentric convert from Judaism, after wandering for 20 years in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, proclaiming every where the Gospel of Jesus Christ, has at length, it seems, settled down as the pastor of a small parish in Yorkshire, England. —N. Y. Observer.

A GRAVE CHARGE.—One of the most serious charges, raised against Martin Van Buren by the opposition, is, that he was once a poor boy and sold cabbage about the streets of Kinderhook! Such a charge is worthy of the source it comes from—worthy of a party whose presses denounce an "ignorant rascal" the great mass of the American people. The N. Y. Dispatch, in alluding to this charge, says:

"Of all attacks, those are the most anti-republican which reflect upon his origin and birth. That his parentage was humble, is the more to his credit; for it is the boast of our institutions that all men are born free and equal—that talent or merit may overcome the obstacles interposed in the way of the deserving, by circumstances—and that to be distinguished, requires only to be worthy of distinction. If we would make our own usages the bye-word and reproach of the whole world, we have only to make ourselves ridiculous by aping the indecent slurs of foreigners upon republican usages."

Mr. (submarine) Taylor's experiments on Tuesday forenoon, on board the Cutter, were eminently successful. A large number of persons were assembled to witness them, both on board the Cutter and neighboring wharves. A person clothed in the submarine armour, a most uncouth looking costume, by the way—descended to the bottom with a lamp, in about seven fathoms of water, where he remained for some eight or ten minutes, until he was telegraphed to ascend. After which Mr. Taylor went in a boat a short distance from the Cutter towards the wharves, and exploded one of his submarine rockets. It was a small one, containing only about twelve to fifteen pounds of powder, but the effect was prodigious, as it threw up a large volume of water to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and fully illustrated the power of these rockets, and the utility of their invention—as it is obvious that they may be used for many important purposes. —Boston Mer. Jour.

THE PANTALETTI.—A fashionable young lady of New York, whose frock did not hang any lower than it should do, and who was dangling about her feet a pair of half breeches, commonly called shin curtains, was lately on a visit to some friends in New Jersey, where she was arrested and taken before a sensible, plain Dutch magistrate, who fined her \$5 and cost, under the act prohibiting females from appearing in public with men's clothes on. It is expected, of course, that married ladies will wear the breeches, but the audacity of putting them on before marriage, the Jersey people think entitled to punishment.

A PROFITABLE ADVERTISER.—It is said that Dr. Wm. Evans, of New York, has expended fifty thousand dollars the last year for advertising, besides eight thousand dollars for job printing, and thus been the gainer by it, doubtless. The Dr. once told us, he intended to expend one quarter of his receipts for pills, in advertising. By this it would seem that the public has been gorged within the last year with \$200,000 worth of pills! Many intelligent merchants concur with us in the opinion, that the expense of advertising is trifling, compared with the benefits received therefrom. —Argus.

The publisher of the Baltimore Telegraph makes the following shrewd observation in his patrons: "Those who have promised us WOOD, are advised to bring it before we freeze, as we shall not receive it afterwards."

Very likely he'll then be warm enough without! —Argus.

WOLF WORTH HAVING. Mr. Joseph Barnard of Hopkinton, N.H., probably had the most valuable "clip" last year of any wool grower in the United States. His stock was small, yielding only 422 pounds, but he received \$342 for it. Mr. Lawrence, a great woolen manufacturer of Lowell, who was the purchaser, says that the wool passed through the severe ordeal, the "sapping board," and came out "head and shoulders" before any thing of the kind he had ever before seen. When the Wool was sorted, 32 pounds were found super extra for which \$1.05 per pound was paid. 124 pounds extra, in which 90 cents were paid. 154 pounds prime at 80 cents, 103 pounds at 70 cents, and the balance at 60 and 50 cents. The lowest of these prices are as high as the best Wool in the market has been noted this autumn; but we have nothing on record, which comes up to the list of prices received by this New Hampshire Wool Grower. Surely, if wool can be grown at prices as productive as this, grazing farms in mountainous towns have no cause to complain of their cold soil and sterility.

GEN. JACKSON.—The Nashville Union, of Wednesday, Nov. 20, says—"The ex-President arrived here from the Hermitage, on Monday, and took lodgings with his friend, Gen. Armstrong, where numerous friends, including members of the legislature and strangers, have called to see him. Though somewhat infirm in body, he enjoys a generous flow of spirits, and receives his friends with his usual cheerfulness. He converses freely and with much animation, on matters of national concern; and, as his mental faculties are as vigorous as ever, he entertains his company as in old times, with an unreserved exposition of those sound opinions and principles which distinguish him."

A person lately died at Columbia, S. C. of voluntary starvation.

From the Evening Post.

A plan has been formed among the speculators to seize upon the government of the United States, and wield its powers and its credit to the advantage of their own interests and their own projects. It is said to have been first conceived in the inventive brains of certain English stockjobbers in London, and having been imported into this country, under the auspices of the bank of the United States, is now canvassing for advocates and supporters both in and out of Congress.

The plan is, that the general government shall pay the debts of the several states; that it shall take upon itself the issue of all their extravagances, their unfortunate speculations, their wild and abortive enterprises, or rather shall shift the mighty burden from those who have mainly incurred it, upon the great mass of the citizens of the United States. To secure the acquiescence of those states which have not run into similar extravagances, they are to be offered the means and temptation of doing so as quickly as they please. They are to be allowed a share in this plunder of the public treasury in proportion to the population; they are to receive back a part of the funds they must be taxed to supply; they are to be bribed with their own money, and instructed to squander it like their neighbors.

The declining prices of the state stocks have alarmed those who hold them, and those to whom they are pledged to raise money, both here and in Europe. It is now clear that many of the states will be obliged to abandon their great schemes of internal improvement already begun; that they will be left without a public revenue, and it is feared that their citizens will not bear the enormous burden of a direct tax to repay the loans they have improvidently negotiated. We hear that considerable amounts of the stock of Michigan and Indiana have, by the mismanagement of corporations entrusted with them, been disposed of in such a manner as to yield no returns to those states and we may be assured that the people will not consent to repay what they have never received. To avoid these consequences, the federal government is to be called in with its greatest resources, its undoubted credit, and its facility of extracting money from the people by indirect taxation. It is proposed that the federal government shall issue its stock to such an amount as shall cover all the public debts of the states, amounting, it is estimated, to two hundred millions of dollars, and that the stock so issued shall be handed over to the delighted holders of the state stocks, who, in turn, are to hand over their trash to the federal government.

There are two or three objections to this clever stockjobbing scheme; while present themselves to us, and which we will briefly state.

In the first place, there is no power given to the general government by the constitution to assume or pay the debts of the states. The general government has a right to incur debts for certain specific purposes, and to raise a tax for paying them; but there is no clause in the constitution which confers upon it the privilege of an authority to distribute among its citizens the burden of paying the debts of an insolvent state. This single objection is sufficient, until the constitution is altered.

But, even if the constitution permitted it, the measure would be in the highest degree unjust. It would make those states which have run into a folly of speculation—and there are several states in this unfortunate condition—and incurred a public debt, responsible for the extravagance of others. It would be as gross a violation of right as if a court, after having received evidence that a debtor had no means of satisfying his creditor, should order his next door neighbor to pay the debt. It is no answer to this to say that the states which are not in debt shall receive their proportion of stock along with the rest, to expend in the same manner as the others have done. They have no occasion for such a present of their own money. If they had thought such expenditures justifiable or expedient, they would doubtless have incurred them in the time when speculation was most active and men's views of the advantage of a given project were most sanguine. But we go further—we affirm that even were a majority in every legislature of the Union to assent to the plan of which we speak, it would be none the less unjust to the citizens who do not assent. It would be an act of tyranny, the tyranny of the majority, the tyranny of an unnecessary and oppressive taxation; for all this waste must at least be reimbursed from the pockets of the people.

In the third place, even if the measure were not unjust, it would be impolitic. It is impolitic to encourage extravagance. It is impolitic to interfere between the folly of rash speculation and those consequences by which Providence has decreed that it shall be punished and restrained. If a state has plunged madly into speculation and lost her credit, or if people in New York or in London have indiscreetly involved themselves in her concerns, let their case stand as a warning to others; let the state remain bankrupt till it retrieve itself by its own exertions; let the imprudent creditor wait, like other creditors, till he can get his money, and the lesson will prove a wholesome one. If the general government interfere, it will remove the principal check upon the improvidence of the state legislatures, and their auxiliaries. It will be always to be protected against its own natural and just consequences, where will be the end of it? In a very few years we should have another bout of extravagant projects, another batch of state debts, another interference of the general government, and new burdens upon the people.

We have argued this question the more at length, because, clear as it seems to us, palpable as the fraud it contemplates upon the constitution, and manifest as is its impolicy, we have no doubt that it will be warmly urged in the next Congress. All the corporations and individuals concerned in state stocks, and they are numerous, comprising the Bank of the United States, and the free banks, as they are called, of this State, will undoubtedly support and press a measure which so greatly favors their interests. All the speculators along the lines of unfinished state rail roads and canals will forward the measure with all the intrigue and influence which they can bring to bear upon it. It will be zealously supported by the politicians who have procured extravagant schemes of internal improvements to be adopted by the states, inasmuch as it will shift the consequences of their folly upon other shoulders. Against these influences we have nothing to oppose but the constitution and the sacred principles of justice.

From the Globe of Nov. 22.

MORE FEDERAL PANIC PREPARATION.

We gave yesterday extracts from the Federal organs in New York, Baltimore, and this city, all tending to get up the same drama in the House of Representatives as that which the depravity of Whiggery, under the lead of Thaddeus Stevens, produced at Harrisburg. The instrument of the discomfited opposition know that if they cannot bring extrinsic force to bear upon the decision of the House, it will never allow the representatives of the New Jersey brand to take seats and control its organization, without first examining their right to do so. This they know will not bear scrutiny, and hence the effort to alarm the Democratic members into an admission of the counterfeit Representatives from New Jersey, without looking into their qualifications, by portraying the horrors of a revolutionary scene in the hall, to make which they are putting out the most infamous and false rumors. To gather a banditti of whigs from abroad to invest the galleries and lobby, and co-operate with a few of the same sort in the House, in the effort to frighten the body from the performance of its duties, is the object of these Whig agents.

The Baltimore Patriot repeats its effort to get up a Whig mob for Washington, in the following story, which every citizen can bear testimony is utterly destitute of even the semblance of truth:

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot

Washington, Nov. 20, 1859.

I do not know that I can afford you any intelligence of any importance to-day. The excitement of yesterday and the day before, in relation to the anticipated riots in this city, has abated in a very great degree, and will probably not be renewed till after the first day of the session. When the first day of the session arrives, there will be found within the precincts of this city a band of desperate men, who, it is possible, may make an effort to destroy the harmony of Congress.

There is not a decent man of any party in this city who will have the hardihood to say that there has been any "excitement of yesterday or the day before," or of any day, in regard to "the anticipated riots," &c. It is altogether shameless, sheer fabrication. It is meant merely to excite expectation in mercenary ruffians, and bring them to Washington. The suggestion of this Whig letter-writer, in his first episode, that the people of this metropolis rejoice in the promised public disturbances, because with the crowds, they will bring money to Washington, carries with the fiction, the grossest slander upon the character of the city. It gives to the world, under the sanction of the Whig editors who pension these letter writers, the impression, that the people at the capital of the Union are so sordid as to be entrapped at the prospect of a scene which must bring disgrace upon our National Legislature, and sink our institutions in the eyes of foreign countries because it will bring among them a concourse of strangers out of whom they will get money! The citizens of Washington owe it to themselves to vindicate the city from this slander.

It will be seen from the following story from the last New York Express, that Brooks, another of the Bank letter-writers, is busy in co-operating with the Baltimore correspondent. It shows that there is concern in this move on the House of Representatives. This scrap is but the repetition of the same incendiary stuff which the Intelligencer copied from the Express a week ago.

It is of great importance that the Whigs have their Speaker, and though they have a majority in the popular body, as declared by the popular elections, yet there is reason to fear that they may be tricked or bullied out of the ability to have an expression on this popular opinion in the organization of the House. The word is abroad that there have been intrigues in Georgia. Mr. Pickens, we see, is got up to draw in anti-Van Buren votes at the South. Threats are muttered that the old Clerk, Mr. Garland will take the responsibility of shutting out the whole State of New Jersey. Another Harrisburg affair, is significantly hinted. It is not certain that this revolutionizing orgies of Parisian Jacobinism are not to be performed in our capital too. We shall soon see. In the mean time let every whig be on the ground."

A correspondent in Sydney, writes us that a Lump Currier, was taken in a trap in that town on Sunday Nov. 17, by a Mr. Levi Wyman, which measured 6 feet in length. An attempt was made to take him from the trap alive, but he proved too powerful to be handled with im-

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punty although several of the neighbors assisted in the attempt. They therefore killed him. About six weeks before, a man on horseback was chased by such an animal, probably the same. He described him as large as the largest sized dog.

We never heard of a loup cervier attacking a man or attempting to take any game larger than a sheep, nor did we ever before hear of one six feet in length. The size of this animal in Sidney corresponds with that of the panther. The panther, however, is rarely if ever seen in Maine. It is remarkable that about thirty years ago, an animal of the feline species, of extraordinary size and ferocity, was killed very near the same place in Sidney.—Ken. Jour.

From the correspondence of the Eastern Argus.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1839.

Detained on my way several days by indisposition, I only reached Washington last evening. As I am even now, however, in ample season to witness the organization of Congress, my delay is no very great source of regret.

I embrace my first moment of leisure to write you, not so much to communicate any news of importance, as to inform you of the reason of my somewhat protracted silence.—Sickness and the hurry of travelling should excuse almost any thing, and they furnish my apology for having so long neglected you.—Hereafter, if you complain of me at all as a correspondent, it will be, I fear, because I write too much, rather than too little.

The members have nearly all of them arrived at their winter quarters. Scarcely a single vote, I imagine, will be missing on Monday. Business, friends, and, in some instances, even health, have been neglected, in the anxiety of Representatives to be early at their posts. Parties are so closely balanced in the House, and questions so interesting a character are likely to arise at the organization of this body, that every one has aimed to be in his seat on the very first day of the session. No member will be absent to-morrow for any but the most imperative reasons.

The course usually pursued in the organization of the House, you probably know. The old Clerk is the presiding officer, and designates the persons entitled to seats, by calling their names from a list which he prepares, from documents both official and unofficial, previous to the commencement of the session. The members so called, proceed at once to choose their new officers. This is the old way of proceeding, and the custom, I believe, is borrowed from England. It was very strongly objected to, at the last session, however, by Mr. Cushing of Mass., and Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina who expressed a strong desire that the House might organize by first electing a Chairman, &c. Whether there will be any departure from the old rule at the present session, remains to be seen.

The great question which will arise at the organization to-morrow, is, of course, concerning the admission of the New Jersey members. There are two sets of members, you know, claiming seats from that State. The Federal members produce the certificate of Gov. Pennington, and contend that that must be held decisive, until the House is fully organized. On the other hand, the Democrats impeach the verity of that certificate. They declare that it does not state the truth, and present evidence of the most positive character to show that they, and not the certificated members, are legally entitled to seats. That the Democratic members were lawfully elected, and that a fraudulent attempt has been made by the Federal party of New Jersey, to cheat them out of their places, are facts now very generally admitted. They would be established beyond controversy, before any impartial tribunal. Shall the certificated claimants, then, who have manifestly no right to their seats, be allowed to act as members, and assist in the election of Speaker and the other officers of the House, merely because the people of New Jersey have been grossly imposed upon by some of their Federal rulers? The Democracy say, no. They demand the exclusion of both sets of members, until the case shall have been passed upon by the House. The Federalists, on the contrary, hoping, by the assistance of the fraudulent claimants, to carry their candidates for Speaker, Clerk, Printer, &c., insist upon granting them their seats at once. Whether they succeed in their object we shall know to-morrow. Meanwhile, it is useless to speculate on the matter, and I have no time to do so, if I were so disposed; for the mail is just closing, which must take this letter.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, in his letter dated Dec. 1st, says—

"The Whigs have not yet fixed upon a candidate for Speaker. It is supposed that they will, after all, run Mr. Bell, and not a State Rights candidate—for, as they expect to be beaten, they might as well, they think, suffer defeat without the disgrace of treachery to an old leader. It is supposed that all the members of the House will be present, to-morrow, except two—one Van Buren and one Whig. The Jersey members have all taken their seats and filed their credentials. The same is the case with Messrs. Nailor and Ingersoll. I suppose it would be unconstitutional to let them all vote, though their votes would balance each other. It is, of course, very uncertain how the matter will be settled,—whether all, or either, or neither, of the parties be allowed to vote in the first instance; but, if the Parliamentary usage, which is the law of convenience, and common sense, prevail,—neither

party will take the seat, until the dispute be settled. In the British Parliament, the usage has been uniformly, that, in case of conflicting or double returns, neither party shall sit and vote in the House, until the return be determined. It is probable, however, that the administration party will carry all their officers, even should the Whigs be allowed to keep their seats."

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, DECEMBER 10, 1839.

CONGRESS.

The first Session of the twenty-sixth Congress of the United States convened at Washington on the 2d inst. A full attendance was anticipated at the opening of the Session, as the parties in the House are almost equally divided, and each sanguine of an ascendancy in its organization. We anticipated the reception of the President's Message in season to lay it before our readers this week, but have been disappointed.

By Letters received in Portland on Sunday morning dated Wednesday evening, we learn that the House had not then organized. The contested seats, eight in number, five from New Jersey, one from Pennsylvania, one from Virginia, and one from Illinois, and the action of the House as to the right of the claimants to vote for Speaker is the probable cause of the delay in the organization. Several candidates for the office of Speaker have been mentioned on both sides. Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina, appears to be the most prominent of the candidates of the Democratic party. The Whigs will probably support Mr. Bell of Tennessee. The Democracy will probably have a small majority.

WHIG VICTORIES.

If the Democratic party had the same disposition to boast of their successes as the Whigs have to boast over their "rub and go" triumphs, we should be obliged to bore every hill and mountain in the Union for cannon, and puff forth our victories by steam power.

We have often given Jefferson's opinion of the different objects of the Federal party; their Banking Monopoly schemes, &c. Now read what he says of Federalism as a whole.

"The Federal party now looks to a single and splendid Government of an aristocracy, founded on banking institutions and moneyed corporations, under the guise and cloak of their favorite branches of manufacture, commerce and navigation, riding and ruling over the plundered ploughman and beggared yeomanry. This will be to them a next best blessing to the monarchy of their first aim, and perhaps the surest stepping stone to it."

[From the Old Dominion.]

HEAR COL. BENTON.

"We have got the upper hand of one great monopoly; but the States abound with other monopolies just as much as with the rights of the people as that great one, and each in its sphere, capable of inflicting great and pervasive injuries upon the real people who live by their own and not by other peoples' labor. Chartered companies, with exclusive and extraordinary privileges, are the legislative evil and opprobrium of the age in which we live. On no point have the powers of legislative bodies been so strangely misused as on this; on no one has so much error and delusion prevailed; on no one is there such need for light among the people, and for united, faithful, vigorous and persevering exertion on the part of those who defend their rights."—Hon. Thomas H. Benton.

We respectfully invite the attention of those pretended Democrats to this, who think that nothing should be opposed except "Biddle and his Bank"—forgetting that ALL BANKS are equally as great, if not a greater violation of the Constitution, equally hostile to liberty, law, and morality. We consider that the startling combination of five hundred State Banks to overthrow our present form of government and establish an odious oligarchy upon its ruins, all having one common interest, actuated by one common impulse, as infinitely more dangerous to our free institutions than one mammoth monster with its twenty-six branches. We have seen with equal pain and amazement, the tortuous attempts of some professedly Democratic papers, to hold up a National Bank as the sole measure worthy of their dignified hostility. We have discovered, and it has given us more sorrow than we can just now express, that the privileged gentry in our ranks, "the good society" Democrats, men who are enveloped from head to foot with paper money charters, we have seen that these monopoly loving republicans are endeavoring so to influence our legislative councils, to shape matters to suit their own selfish purposes, as to drown the honest voice of the true reformers of the age down to the mere echo and deceptive cant of "the Democratic party." We can tell these exotics in our ranks, once for all, that the onward march of revolution and reform is not to be arrested by such puny attempts; they are deceived, grossly in error, who imagine for a moment that they can converge the hostility of the great masses who compose the Democracy of this proud nation, to the single point of "Biddle and his Bank." They have learned that whatever violates the Equal Rights of man, guaranteed by the Constitution, is to be opposed to its final overthrow and complete destruction—and that among all the usurpations, in the long catalogue of political, moral, and economical evils, the blasting course of paper money banks, of every description, stand out in frightful pre-eminence. The flesh creeps with horror at viewing the desolating effects of this moral delusion, that paper banks are necessary—that they are conducive to national prosperity or public happiness; the converse of the proposition is true;—they are covering the land with beggary and vice;—unsettling the foundation of all law and morality;—sapping the very pillars of the Temple of Liberty itself.

How weak must be that intellect, how little versed in those principles that go to make up an American Statesman is he, who faintly and reluctantly espouses the cause of the people at this momentous crisis!—How miserably narrow must be that mind who talks about "the usages of the party," and confines his opposition to Federal Whiggery solely upon the ground

that they desire to make Henry Clay the next President, and then establish a National Bank! Bank or no Bank is over rallying war-cry, as well as theirs;—but in a far wider sense than the miserable echoes who conduct their venal presses ever thought or dreamed. Our "no bank" is a phrase of the most comprehensive meaning; we go for the entire demolition of the whole structure of privileged piracy under cover of a bank charter; the question stares us in the face whether we are to have a government of corporations or a government of the people; whether the few shall grow rich, without labor, upon the rights plundered from the many; whether, in short, the bread shall be taken from the mouth of the producer which he has earned by patient toil? The people have been fooled and cheated by political jugglers quite long enough. The stale cry of "Biddle's Bank" will not drown the voice of reason and justice; as has been eloquently remarked—what mockery it is—what bitter and insulting mockery—in this hour of universal agony, when the whole land is strewn with the wrecks of an exploded system of State monopolies, and men lie bruised and crushed beneath the fragments—what mockery now to raise the cry that there is no evil to be dreaded but a National Bank! Did a National Bank cause this vast and appalling disruption? Is it not certain that it could not have been worse? And yet, seathed and lacerated as we are, in this moment of general ruin, by the spontaneous explosion of a thousand magazines of mischief, each scattering havoc through its own circle, we are told, in the taunting language of supercilious political menials, that our wounds are not chargeable to the eruptions from these sources, but to the last quiverings of an earthquake shock occasioned by the former explosions of an extinct volcano.

WILLIAM C. RIVES.

A writer in the Richmond Enquirer takes occasion to lecture William C. Rives, of Virginia, after the following fashion:

"How fearful, Sir, is the responsibility which you have incurred! and how wretchedly have you trifled and tampered with the best interests of America! Her liberties, her welfare, her very Constitution itself have been your playthings! We have beheld you at times appealing to that sacred instrument, to enforce positions which you have at other times been foremost to denounce and deny!!! You, Sir, who could protest so eloquently about 'a simple, solid, hard money government;' you could affirm that the 'framers of the Constitution intended that this should be a hard money government;' you who did declare that no reform could be more deeply interesting in every aspect to the safety and prosperity of the country, than the 'receipt by the Federal Government of its revenue in specie;' you who could hear with complacent delight, and in silence and without contradiction, Senators of the opposition charging you face to face with a design to establish an exclusive metallic currency; you who could warn us so pathetically that 'associated wealth is the dynasty of modern States;' you who could thus hold forth against the abuses and dangers of the paper system in 1834; you who even before the failure of the State Bank System would be satisfied with nothing more, nothing less than the exclusion of bank notes from payments to the Federal Government, and the substitution of specie in their place; you who pronounced such a reform as your 'Summum Bonum;' yet wonderful to tell, now that experience has proved the utter rottenness of the system; that its manifold defects have developed themselves and become glaring and insuperable; now, that it has precipitated the currency and commerce of the country, and the public finances into disorder and uncertainty; now, when its dangers are greatest, and when accumulating iniquities and growing anti-republican tendencies ought to awaken the fears and jealousy of every patriot heart; now that the bonds of society are loosened, and when the public morals have become relaxed, and the purity and well being of the Republic jeopardized by the pernicious code of bank misrule and violation of the laws; it is, Sir, at such a crisis, at such a time, you can find it in your patriotism to desert that noble Democratic standard which Jefferson first unfurled; to desert Republicanism for the sake of chartered privileges and a few rotten corporations; to desert and abuse the Republican party, because it advocates what you yourself advocated in 1834, and because it proposes to do after, what you proposed to do before the failure of the system, viz: to 'restore the Government to its true original character and destination, that of a simple, solid, hard-money Government.'"

We notice in our exchange papers that a fire occurred at Saco on Tuesday evening last, at which were burnt a Machine Shop, Grist Mill, and one or two other buildings, all belonging to the Manufacturing company at that place. Loss estimated at \$30,000. It is a little remarkable that we, of this Village, at the distance of sixty miles, should have distinctly seen the light of the fire and watched its appearance for an hour or two, and that one of our neighbors should, as he did at the time, assert with great confidence, that Saco was the scene of it.

SUDDEN DEATH.

It is with extreme regret that we take our pen to record the very sudden death of our townsman Mr. ISAEL WATERHOUSE! He had been to Kennebunk, and returned last evening, apparently as well as usual. Shortly after he had retired to bed, his wife was alarmed by some convulsive motion, and on speaking to him and receiving no answer called to their son who slept near, and attempted to raise her husband in the bed—the lad was with them in a moment, and the neighbors were soon about his bedside—but he scarcely breathed after the first alarm. We are told that he had been affected for some time with a disease in the region of the heart.

Mr. W. was an active business man, and an extensive mail contractor, and his loss will be felt in this respect very much—but how much more in the domestic circle, who can tell but those who have been similarly afflicted? There he was a kind and affectionate husband and father—and his sudden withdrawal from life has

overwhelmed his domestic circle with grief.

Yesterday, he was actively engaged in business and to all human eyes bid as fair to live as thousands by whom he was surrounded—to-day, he is clad in the habiliments of the grave! What an impressive commentary upon the uncertainty of human life! Eastern Argus.

A SECOND HARRISBURG AFFAIR.

The articles which we copy this week from the Globe, show clearly that the Federal party, under pretence that the Democracy intended to overawe Congress by physical force, are endeavoring to collect at Washington a sufficient mob of their friends to push the New Jersey and other frauds to their consummation. That they will be met in the right spirit, no one who appreciates the firmness of the American people, can for a moment doubt; but in the mean time all must be anxious lest the anarchical spirit federalism may at Washington inflict that disgrace upon the character of the nation, which at Harrisburg it inflicted upon the character of Pennsylvania.—Augusta Age.

Tax,—"Let a man sit down at the foot of a great mountain," says Dr. Johnson, "to contemplate its greatness, and he will be ready to say, 'I can never go over it, the attempt is futile.' Yet on a secondary thought he concludes the task can be performed, not by one mighty leap, but by successive steps, and by the simple process of putting one foot before the other."

Again: "The chief art," says Koeke, "is to attempt but little at a time. The wildest excursions of the mind are made by short flights frequently repeated; the most lofty fabrics are formed by the accumulations of simple propositions. Drops of water constitute an ocean; sands make a mountain, and the rocks are not worn away by a sudden force but by continual dropping."

BILLS UNCURRENT.

The following are the names of those New England banks whose notes are not received at the Suffolk Bank, Boston, yet they pass at the following discount with the merchants and others:

MAINE.	
Commercial Bank, Bangor,	10 per cent. discount.
Agricultural, at Brewer,	10 " " "
Georgia Lumber Co. at Portland,	10 " " "
City Bank, Portland,	10 " " "
Washington County, Calais,	10 " " "
Oxford Bank, at Fryeburg,	10 " " "
Oldtown, at Oldtown,	10 " " "
Sillwater Canal, at Orono,	10 " " "
Westbrook, at Westbrook,	10 " " "
Calais, at Calais,	10 " " "
Frankfort, Frankfort,	10 to 20 " " "
Medford, Medford,	5 " " "
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Wellsborough Bank,	75 " " "
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Commonwealth, Boston,	30 " " "
Fulton, at Boston,	80 " " "
Farmers' and Mechanics' bank,	10 " " "
Adams S. Village, New,	5 " " "
Middlesex, at Cambridge,	5 " " "
Norfolk, at Roxbury,	10 " " "
Middlebury, at Middlebury,	10 " " "
Roxbury,	No sale.
VERMONT.	
Essex, at Guildford,	75 " " "
Manchester, at Manchester,	3 " " "
St. Albans, at St. Albans,	3 " " "
Windsor, at Windsor,	75 " " "
CONNECTICUT.	
Bridgeport, at Bridgeport,	3 " " "
Stamford, at Stamford,	3 " " "

None of the Rhode Island Bank are received,—and all at 10 per cent discount, except the Seaside bank which is 20 per cent discount.

MARRIED.

In Norway, Col. Andros Killgore, of Waterford, and Mrs. Harriet Lord, of N. York.
In Manchester, by Eld. J. Prescott, Mr. John A. Tinkham and Miss Roxie Rice.
In Augusta, Mr. Wm. T. Pierce, of Windsor, and Miss Lucy Ann Babcock.
In Farmington, Mr. Isaac C. House and Miss Mary D. West.
In Sidney, Mr. Luther Reed, of Augusta, and Miss Fanny Howard.
In Greene, by Aaron Daggett, Esq., Elias Adams, Esq., and Miss Hannah L. Merryman.
In Durham, Capt. Merrill W. Strout and Miss Mary Gerrold.
In Kennebunk, by Rev. Mr. Sargent, Mr. Jabez Smith and Miss Caroline D. Kimball.
In North Berwick, Mr. Charles Dore and Miss Sarah Chase.
In Belfast, Mr. Wm. Cunningham and Miss Mary N. Brown.

DIED.

In Waterford, Miss Elizabeth Longly, aged 20 years.
In Portland, Mr. Moses Gould, aged 63. Mr. Israel Waterhouse, 57.
In Hallowell, Mr. Thomas Beckett, of Lewiston.
In Boston, Miss Hannah Kimball, 21.
In Boston, Mr. Nath. French, 52.
In Portsmouth, N. H., suddenly, Mr. Wm. Pike, of Saco, 55.
In Portland, Mr. Daniel Lombard, 49.

J. T. CLARK.

SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK MAKER.

HAS taken the stand formerly occupied by N. M. MARBLE, where will will be found a good assortment of Harness work, which he will sell cheap for Cash or Country Produce.
500 bushels of OATS wanted in exchange for the above, for which the highest price will be paid.
Paris, Dec. 10, 1839. 17

Sheriff's Sale.

OXFORD, ss:
TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Vendue on Saturday, the 25th day of January next, at one o'clock, P. M., at Hiram Hubbard's store on Paris Hill, all the right in equity which Caleb D. Barrows has in and to the following described premises, to wit:—a certain tract or parcel of land situated in Hallowell, Grant, being the whole of Lot numbered ten, in said Grant, containing 100 acres, be the same more or less, with the buildings thereon. Said premises were mortgaged to Caleb Cushman to secure the payment of \$213 24; said mortgage is dated January 23d, 1838, and recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 47, page 322.
SAMUEL F. RAWSON, D^y Sheriff.
Paris, Dec. 9, 1839.

STOLEN

FROM the house of the subscriber, on the night of the 4th inst., a small wooden TRUNK, of a red color, containing twenty-one dollars and fifty cents in specie, several Deeds, Notes, &c., of no use to any one except the owner. The initials, "L. S." in brass nails, was on the lid of the trunk. Any person who will return said trunk and contents, or give information where they may be found, shall be suitably rewarded.
ICHABOD BRYANT.
Hebron, Dec. 5, 1839.

Commissioner's Notice.

THE subscribers having been duly appointed to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors of the estate of William Richardson, late of Rumford, in the county of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, represented insolvent, do hereby give notice that six months from the 10th day of September, 1839, are allowed them to bring in and prove their claims; and that one shall be in session for that purpose on the last Saturday of December and January next ensuing, from 1 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at the Inn of David F. Adams in Rumford.

ABEL WHEELER, }
JOSEPH HALL, } Commissioners.

Rumford, Nov. 5, 1839. 3w17

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the county of Oxford.

THE undersigned, directed by a vote of the inhabitants of the town of Canton, would respectfully represent, that the County Road leading from Canton Point through Jay, is in some parts exceedingly out of repair; that in some parts in Canton, said road cannot be repaired and kept so with a reasonable expense, and that an alteration in said road between Canton Point and Jay line, is deemed indispensably necessary. Therefore, in behalf of said inhabitants, pray your honors to make all the alterations in said road between Canton Point and Jay line, that may be found, in your opinion, necessary, as soon as may be.
JOHN HEARSEY, Town Agent.
Canton, June 17, 1839.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:
At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris, within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1839.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Hearsey in said Canton, on Thursday the twenty-third day of April next, at nine o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerk of said town of Canton, and on the County Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in said town of Canton, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted at least thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.
A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.
3w17 Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

To the Hon. County Commissioners for the county of Oxford, at their session to be holden at Paris, within and for said County, on the last Tuesday of October, 1839.

THE undersigned respectfully represent that public convenience and necessity require the location of a new County Road, commencing at Double's Corner in Livermore, and at the termination of the county road located on petition of R. Goodenow and others, thence in a southerly direction passing near Pleasant Pond in Turner, to intersect the county road leading from Paris to Augusta, near Bradford's Mill in said Turner.—Wherefore your petitioners pray, that after due proceedings had in the premises, your honors will, if found practicable, locate said road, or any part thereof.
ABIAH GORAM & Co. others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss:
At a meeting of the County Commissioners begun and holden at Paris within and for the county of Oxford, on the last Tuesday of October, A. D. 1839.

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of John Sawtell in said Turner, on Wednesday the twenty-ninth day of April next, at nine o'clock, A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition and of this Order of Notice thereon, to be served on the Clerks of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and on the County Attorney of said county of Oxford, and by posting up like copies in three public places in each of said towns of Livermore and Turner, and by publishing the same three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, the first of said publications and each of the other notices to be made, served, and posted, at least, thirty days before the said time of meeting, that all persons interested, may then and there appear, and shew cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.
A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.
3w17 Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

Notice to Foreclose a Mortgage.

WHEREAS the undersigned holds a Mortgage Deed executed to Jefferson Coldidge by one Henry Goding then of Jay in the County of Oxford and State of Maine, dated the fifteenth day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one, of a part of two lots of land situated in the town of Livermore on the West side of the Androscoggin River and numbered one hundred and fifty and one hundred and fifty-one, according to the original plan of said town, to secure the payment of two notes of hand amounting in the whole to the sum of one hundred, twenty dollars and fifty cents, which notes of hand together with the promises are particularly described in said Mortgage deed, which is recorded in the Registry of Deeds for Oxford County Book 36, page 393. The said Mortgage deed and said notes have been duly assigned to the subscriber and the assignment has been duly recorded in said Registry Book 55, page 518, and may be referred to. Said notes of hand being wholly unpaid and the condition of said Mortgage Deed broken, the undersigned, assignee aforesaid, claims to have possession of the mortgaged premises to foreclose the same for breach of the condition of said Mortgage.

GRANVILLE CHILD.

Livermore, November 18, 1839. 3w15

Bricks! Bricks!!

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice that he will be at his Brick Kiln, situated in the south part of Paris on the road leading from the Cape to Joshua Merrills in Oxford, on Thursday of each week for two weeks commencing the 3d inst., from half past twelve till three o'clock P. M. for the purpose of attending to all orders in his line of business.
Paris Sept. 4, 1839. OTIS SWIFT. 2nd

WINTER GOODS.

BROADCLOTHS, Cassimeres, Mirettes, &c. &c. can now be had of the subscriber (for ready pay only) very cheap. Call and see. W. E. GOODNOW.
Norway, Nov. 18, 1839.

THE PAST.

The creaking of the grape-vine swing,
As it rushed us through the air,
Until the choking feeling
Was more than we could bear ;
The rustling in the forest,
When Saturday was come—
The mimic battles on the plain,
With life, and sword, and drum !

And what a happy period,
Where girls clothes cast aside,
With new bright-buttoned trowsers,
We went to school in pride—
And deemed we were the envy
Of all the luckless crew,
Who still were doomed to wear the shi-
As we were wont to do!

BANK SCENE



WINTER SCHOOLS

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